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STREET'S WOODS AND WATERS.

WOODS AND WATERS; OR THE SARANACE AND RACKET By Alfred B. Street. 12mo. pp. 341 M. Doolady. Within a 'ew years, the great forest region in the northerly portion of New-York has become a favorite resort for the more adventurous class of Summer tourists, -invalids in pursuit of health by means of robust athletic exercise, -sportsmen who have exhausted the more frequented haunts of game, -levers of nature in her grander and ruder forms,-and many others, who sated with the excitements of civilized life, seek for relief from the daily monotony of their pursuits by a bold plunge into the depths of the distant wilderness. In which of these categories the author f the present volume is to be ranked, we are unable to decide; but it is evident from its animated and often picturesque pages that he has carried with him an ardent love of nature, the heart and eye of a poet, and a genuine taste for wild and stirring adventure. We find an illustration of all these qualities in the very opening passage of his book.

Sunset at the foot of the Upper Saranac! A golden

Sunset at the foot of the Upper Saranac! A golden light kindles a little clearing upon the southern border of the glittering lake: one sweep of dark green wilderness covers the rem sinder of the scene.

A log hut stands in the foreground of the clearing. Behind, on a gentle slope, lies a patch of rye and buckwheat, the rye scarce huing the charred stumps within it, and the silver bloseom of the buckwheat lending bright contrast to the coal black will.

Beyond, cleams a broad white space of calcined

Beyond, glesms a broad white space of calcined earth, with dark logs strewing it everywhere. Dead and living trees stand here and there moddly apart. A rough zigzag track leads up the slope, and is lost in the close woods of the background.

Down by the waterside are two tents. The larger is open in front, dieplying a layer of hemlock boughs upon the ground, and over them blankets of grey, crimeon and purole. On the front tent-pole, hand powder flashs and shot pouches: against a tall withered pipe, lean flashing rods a duffers, while one of its sk-lepine, lean fishing rode and riffes, while one of its skyle-tor, limbs sustains the red forequal ers of a deer. From a stick in a stump, daugles a cluster of dead partridges, a stick in a stump, daugles a cluster of dead partridges, their caequered hurs warm in the sunglow. One has fallen, and points with sroked neck and hanging wings, as if for attack, at a black and write wood-durk, whose red bill is open to gran, he appearance the orange leg of a blue winger ted, the leg drawn up seemingly from drad. A slanting beam glivers on a pile of troat between a crose of fish-baske's and a more of the same place or provest my grans a birch as

pile of trout between a prace of fish-baske's and a score of the same glossy pray, at ung upon a birchen twig, he care'essly on the neighboring mess.

Three hounds, white, with tawny spots, are nosing about occasionally bend ugon their haunches to stratch their ears and lick their pars, cronching to stare open mouthed, through their fore egs, at the fire and snap the flies or curling themselves for a nap, to start up again and resum their rosmings.

Around a cracking fire of piled logs, four men are basy cooking. One, short but muscular, in a ret hunting shirt, watches the rossting of a noble hunceh of verisee; another, tall and lack, in a shirt of blue is

ing shirt, watches the rossing of a noble hanceh of verison; another, tall and lack, in a shirt of blue is frying trout in a bob-handled sancepan, while a third, with a hare-lip and in a coarse blue check, is "toasting," on forked sticks, a brace of partridges spread out like fans.

The fourth is a man about fifty, of brawny shape,

bronzed skin, an air ever on the alert, and eyes that, gazing & any object produde in keen glances. All the firgers of his right hand, except the first, are

the fing rs of his right ha d, except the first, are twisted into the palm and there is no eigh of a thumb, yet the limb is almost as ready a tits neighbor.

He wears a purple check shirt, with pantaloous and felt hat, both of an earthen tint, and a woodknife sheathed in a belt of deerskin.

His actions correspond with the quickness of his looks. Now he tries a pair of ducks, rossing on sticks like the partridges; then stire a layer of frying trout; then hurries to a targe Indiau cake, arching and darkening into a rich brown; next turns a tawny wheat pancake, then stands a moment with arms a kin bo, glancing round the forest and over the lake.

On the stump, a boy of sixteen is dressing a string of trout.

A little removed from the fire, is another group; two sitting on camp stools, ca'mly smoking, one standing and loading his rifls, one recling a fisu-line, and one reclining on his clow, with his shoulder against the

pine-tree, gazing upon the scene.

Boats are resting their bows on the brown sandy margin, with their sterns buried in white water-lilies; a beap of dead prone heulocks is on the left, halfdrowned in the rushy water; and a couple of ceders point her zontal y at the right of the scane, their isgged limbs resting on the bottom of the shallow, so say to lift their stiff, bristling foliage a little from the

The whole picture is soft and rich, as well as wild, steeped as it is in the mellow charm of the deepening cursot.

Here we have a glowing description of a Sunday in the woods:

The next day was the Sabbath. The sky was robed in bright blue and gold with an embroidery of pearl. The fake was breathless. Not a leaf fluttered in the forest. As I viewed the scene's repose, I thought how beautiful is the fancy that the day's saucity in the Christian mind find-sympathy is the visible universethat, at this time, Nature stills her throbbing pulses, the tree waves with more treasuril grace, the hird the tree waves with more tranquil grace, the bird sings with softer time, the water lapses in a calmer ripple. Poets, whose hearts are filled with love of Nature, have designed so to depict this day, and the

Nature, have designted so to desict this day, and the thought spreads tranquility in turn over the heart. And thus does soul transfigure Nature, and Nature sanctify the soul What images crowd the fancy, too, in gazing upon Nature's grandeur or beauty! What serens joys of thought, what pure, sweet, lofty semiments are the reffsoring!

About 10 o'clock, Phin, who had rowed so far as the Indian Park returned with the didings that a traveling preacher, on his way down the Racket to Potsiam, intended 10 hold forth an hour hance. We all, ascordingly, embarked, and, on reaching the Park, found two or three black-bearded woodmen from the vicinity, in red hunting shirts and cl-sa check collars, waiting for the provised service. The two boats in which they had arrived were placed upon the bank, bottom upward, under the birch tree, near the water's edge, and formed seats.

Soon, other boats appeared gliding down the Racket,

Soon, other boats appeared gliding down the Racket, and one through the outlet, which I found after ward was from the head of the lake eight miles distant

was from the head of the lake eight miles distant. These were filled with men, women, and children, in their best and gayest attire. Together, we numbered some twenty-five or thirty.

The scene from a mound, a little back in the Park, presented a lively and beautiful picture. In the fore greund was the me-dow deep in its wild gruss, dappled with sun and shadow. Next was the spot of worship, the bank and boars chequered with the different dresses of the group. The middle distance gleamed with the silver lights and purple darks of the river, over to the sunny greens of its mischannel island and shores. A soaring background of downy tints, reared by Mount Merris, closed the picture.

The preacher was a long, lank personage, with an apple of a head perched on a stick of a body. He scepped from the log hui to the front, and begin the service, by reading a hymn with a nasal drawi, and stumbling over the long at words.

An old fellow, with features buried in an ambush of wrinkles, then sounded the pitch; joined in a keen that the processors.

wrinkles, then sounded the pitch; joined in a keen falsetto by one whom I took to be his wife, an old lady whose sour face seemed sharpened on the glindstone of a rather quick temper, and who appeared to have run to pertinactorally after her work as to run all the flesh so pertinacionaly after her work as to ran all the flesh

off her bones.

The first then opened upon the air in a thick base, as

though the rugged tones were too big for his throat, and, as one of the guides said afterward, "a-kinder

scraped as they come up."

The air was carried by the wife, whose shrill tones

The air was carried by the wife, whose shrill tones seemed momentarily threatening to sharpen into the termasant pitch of home. In fact, she appeared angry with the tune, from the heginning, and no wender, for it crawled over the words like a mudtartile over stones. The two had the air mainly to themselves, portions of the congregation occasionally breaking in with discordant blots of sound. All these gave up after a while, with the excep ion of a wiry-looking chap, eager in his expression as though ready at any time to jump out of his skin, and a bonneing girl, whose dot of a nose perked up from between two red worsted checks; both of whom busily engaged themselves in snapping at the tune, without catching it, all the way through. Next them, however, stood a brawny, check-shirted fellow, smelling awfully of whisky, who, with a pertinacity worthy to behold, clang to his singing, evidently without knowing the tune, and belicked out his muddled tones in the loudest manner, carrying havoe as he went.

carrying havoc as he went.

The performers had opened their lips for the seventh verse (thre) more to come), when the preacher, (or "Deacon"), probably and naturally supposing the tane bid fair to last the time of service out, broke in upon it with the invitation to prayer, leaving the sing-ers to close their mouths as quick as they could over their half strangled notes.

The prayer was a compound of fierce joy at the cer tainty of so great a portion of the human race being doomed to destruction, with the exception of "the elect," and a self-hugging complacency that the said elect, of which he prainly intimated he was one, were f so certain a happiness.

At the conclusion of the prayer, he gave out another

bymn, and as if he wished to be spared the exernciation of the former music, opened on a tune himself with
great power, if little me ody, elevating his chin as the
high notes, and dipping it into the pool of his loose
white cravat at the lower, like a durk drinking.
He was alone in his music, the old couple probable
rot knowing the air, and the rest restrained by respect
from trying, as at first, to catch it on the wing.
The sermon was a repetition of the ideas in the
prayer, spread thin, the worthy plainly considering
himself on the most intimate terms with the Deity,
and dealing out life and death with the air of a
principal.

at the conclusion of the service, the motley company

departed, the Deacon drawing paddle down he Raik et, toward his destination, with a companion at the

et, toward his destination, with a companion at the oars, while we returned to camp.

After dinner. I rowed myself in the afternoon glow to a point on Birch Island, just below the Davil's Pulpit, to enjoy the seclusion and quiet.

I fostened my boat to a log, and in the idleness of the moment noted the slight effects around me. By the water's edge was a pile of rocks shaped like a cromlech, and near it an oak with a crescent of light elipping its shadowed stem, like the golden knife of a Draid evering the sacred mistletos for the rates of his ancient and mysterious faith.

ancient and mysterious faish.

In the forest there was a flitting of light and shade, and a fremble of branches in the low wind, with an occasional glance of a bird through the fretted vaults.

A pool lay near, sheltered by a stooping birch, and a small rapid.

small rapid.

In its sir-like depth was a trout, moving around resticely, seet ting a filly stem; pondering over a mosey rock; darting toward the surface; steadying hirself by the occasional flutter of his fine; staring with huge eyes all about; waving his tail, like a deer grazing, and working his mouth as if chewing a end. By and by, a miller came close to the glass of the surface, quivering with admiration at the image of his silver coat. His spasm of self-love was short, for the troot, lurking in the ambush of a stone like a bandit in his cave, darted forth, gave a nip, and the luckless miller vanished.

Then came a chiner that sent a silver flash through

miller vanished.

Then came a chiner that sent a silver flash through sil the pool. Now he poised himself, head downward, as if to large through the ooze; then stood on his tail and gaped. At last, he turned himself in a wheel and gyrated away. He was succeeded by a gleam of gold, east by a sunfish that flattened himself on his side, and lay there, until a bullhead blundered along, the house on him, when the sunfish side, and lay there, until a bullhead blundered along, and turned one of hie horns on him, when the sunfish whisk-d himself away. At this juncture there was a plump, and then a sud-

At this juncture there was a pump, and total a wide den darkening of the crystal inclosure through which I saw the dim shape of a muskrat, who scampered scross the bottom, and then rose by a sedge on a dot of grass, with its flag half way up its staff. First, his ratchip palled the stem of a yellow hily as if to ring the bell; then he nibbled the gold of the blossom; then he skimmed to the edge of the bank,

blosem; then he skimwed to the eage with two furrors like a wedge pen illed from his shoulders, and cut with his needle teeth the bart of an shoulders, and cut with his needle teeth the bart of an about to his burrow, arrowhead, and towed it in his month to his burrow where he vanished. In a moment, however, his blunt, whiskered face and glittering specks of eyes were whitered nace and guerney special of some of the thrust forth again in my direction, thinking. I suppose, what a queer thing that log was, when an involuntary notion on my part caused him to disappear is the winking of an eye.

I then leaved back at the boat's stern, and gazed into the poontide heavens. As I viewed the over-thelicing and princing a magnificently from the

I then leaved back at the boats seem, and gazed into the poontide beavens. As I viewed the overwhelming arch, springing so magnificantly from the horizon, robed in an azure so rich and tender, and gleaming with its silver clouds, I thought how little appreciated, comparatively, is this most wonderful, beautiful, and majestic of all the Creator's handiwork

The contents of the volume are made up of simi lar records of personal experiences during the tramp in the wilderness, and with the freshness of expression and facility of parrative which are possessed by Mr. Street in an eminent degree, they retain not a little of the flavor of the original enterprise. We think the book would have been improved by a more liberal use of the narrative style, with fewer of the interminable yarns of the old trappers, which, it must be owned, grow somewhat tedious to readers without the piquant accompaniments of the scene. The sentimental flights, too, in which Mr. Strest indulges rather immoderately, would find a wider range of sympathy if considerably toned down.

A TREATISE ON MUSICAL SOUNDS, AND AN EX-PLANATION OF THE TONOMETER. By S. D. Till-MAN, New-York. Hoffman & Penual, No. 7 Spruce street. Matter, light, sound, the soul: -These are the com perisons of the visible and invisible portions of natur -the last being the highest and the most subtle. This side of the study of phsycholgy that of sound which cannot be felt or seen, only heard, is the most abstruce and wenderful -to draw analogies between the exteries of musical loves and appreciations and the positivism of science-to draw them clearly and irrefutably has been one of the last achievements of science. It followed the grand discoveries in astronomy by hundreds of years, because it was higher in the range of difficult analysis and synthesis. Mr. Tillman is a most ingenious and worthy worker in this intangible, invisible and simply sonorous field. He has his theory about the waves of sound or light, which we commend to t e ingenious and learned, and those who could study the mysteries of creation. But with that we shall not meddle at present, merely dealing with his work or chart in its practical relations to music. It is science sans phrases-without palaver; every thing is laconic and clear withal to the last degree. In four pages of his chart (bound for use as a book and very nicely printed) under 40 heads or paragraphs he treat of sound in its generic qualities and its musical rela

tions. The radical object of the author is thus stated: tions. The radical object of the author is thus stated:

"A comprehension of the Laws of Sound, and their application to the art of Music heretofore has depended mainly on the power of the learned to distinguish and remember tones. Only those having an Ear for Music were expected to fathorn its mysteries. The plan here introduced requires no such condition. Its aim is o give every sound a definite position which can be readily distinguished and measured by the Eye. With it said thore who are not endowed with a keen sense for discriminating the tones in Music can become masters of the science; while the more gifted can readily survey the whole subject and bring within definite range the most diversified regions of M-lody and Harmony. The chief purpose of this invention is to relieve Teachers of Music from the irksome part of their duty, by furnishing the pupil with a key to all the diffineve Teachers of Minne from the irksome part of their duty, by furnishing the pupil with a key to all the diffi-culties of the theory, thus leaving more time for that patient practice which is the price of vocal or instru-mental secomplishment. In these pages will be found a brief but thorough exposition of the subject, and a few points appertaining to Temperament and Harmony, from which students advanced in the science can draw their own deductions, and solve all possible musical problems."

We of course feel oursolves bound to qualify the claim that the science can be so mastered. It takes a work the size of a dictionary to put the pupil through the elements of harmony and composition, always provided that he plays well on the piano first, so as to be practical in reading chords and sequences in combination, has a teacher equal to Cherobini, and genius beside. Of the persons who pretend to know harmony, not one in one thousand has got beyond the a be of it. At this moment there is no good work on harmony in the English language, original or translated. The study is about equal to that of law or medicine-one of years, in a word. But that spart, we think Mr. Thuman has condensed much excellent matter in his Treatise, and the very curious, ingenicus, and clear " Revolving Musical Scale" on the fifth or last page, renders clear the circle of associated keys; by it, in an instant, all the flats and sharps are mechanically rendered plain,

and the theory of transposition evident to the eye. We think the comprehensive treatise would be a good thing for schools, and readers generally. It is much in little space.

OCCASIONAL PRODUCTIONS-POLITICAL, DIPLO-MATIC, AND MISCFLLANEOUS. By the late RICHARD RESS. Edited by his Executors. 8vo. pp. 525. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

During the latter years of his life, the distinguished onthor of this volume devoted a considerable portion of his time to the revision of the extensive correspondence, and the political and diplomatic papers which had accumulated during his long career of public service. Wisely destroying the greater portion of this miscellaneous collection, he left a certain part of his manuscripts to the discretion of his executors, who, in pursuance of their trust, have preserved in this posthumous volume such as appeared best adapted to meet the public eye. Among them are several papers which are valuable as illustrations of American and European history, and others, which record the personal and accial reminiscences of the writer in an agreeable manner. The most important feature of the volume is a | will not only retain the favor of intelligent teachers.

copious journal of the events which occurred during the residence of Mr. Rush at Paris as Uni ed States Minister in 1847-1848, describing the French Revolution of that date, and is immediate antecedents. Of the character of Mr. Rueh, as a discreet diplomatist and an accomplished gentleman, the volume leaves a very favorable impression; but it gives no decided indications of marked intellectual ability.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOP EDIA: A POPULAR DIC TIONARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE: Edited by GROEGE RIFLER and CRABLES A DANA. Volume X. Jerusalem-Macfertin. New York: D Applet in & Co.

Three years have nearly elapsed since the first volume of this Cyclopædia was issued, and two-thirds of the entire series are already given to the public. So far as the intellectual labor is concerned, scarcely more than a fourth now remains undone, so that the last volume may be confidently expected in the early part of 1862. Those who remember-as few who were then it business can forget - the general paralysis of trade, the prevalence of bankruptcy and mercantile distress, the almost total cessation of book-buying and the gloomy apprehensions for the future, which marked the Winter of 1857-8, in which the first volume was issue t, can justly estimate the courage and resources requisite to perseverance in such an enterprise, involving a present and certain outlay of tens of thousands of dollars to be resained if at all, orly after the expiration of years, in the sale of a work which but a fraction of the public can be expected to appreciate, and but a fraction of this fraction can afford to buy. Yet the first volume was issued in the very crisis of "the Paoic," and the enterprise has been steadily and energetically prosecuted ever since, until the editors and publishers may now be fairly congratulated on their ability to see to the end of their ardnous undertaking. Much criticism has been squandered upon this Ency-

cloraedia to prove it what it never intended to be -s rival to the two or three far more elaborate and coally Europe an wo ks of its class, which sim to exhaust all known sources of information with regard to the lof ier fields of intellectual activity and conquest. No such extended and prefound essays on Astronomy, Chemistry, Light, Metaphysics, Mythology, Philosophy, and other recondite thomes, are in ended to be given in this work as in the Encyclopædia B itannica Only such survey of any great department of human knowledge is given in this work as may be compressed within few pages, and he who would study farther is referred to be works wherein what he seeks may be most readily and certainly obtained. Tois leaves a large scope for information on corrent topics and term which every one should understand, yet with regard to some ore of which almost any one may be at fault, and which it is most convenient to have an authority at hand that will readily and surely elucidate. It is undoubtedle true that the contents of this Cyclopredia are largely Biographical, and that Cote apprary Biograchy holds a leading place in it. But let him with seeks merely information turn to the words Jugger naut, Junius, Karens, Koran, Kremlin, Labarum Lace, Lamaisn, Levant, Lime, Liturgy, Littorale, Lloud's. &c., in this volume, and see if they do not find there what they need-if in few words, so much the better; while such themes as London, Kansas Kentucky, are treated with the terse fullness as well as freshpers which leaves nothing to be desired. The precions art of Not too much," is the main requisite in such a work, where there is constant danger that the few leading topics which are assigned to eminent writers, and on which they are naturally anxious to display their thoroughness of information will be permitted to dwarf many and exclude more of the thousand minor subjects whereon the average reader will often need a bint, and which, if not treated here, he cannot, as in the case of the former class, readily find elucidated elsewhere. The Editors of the American Cyclopædia bave wisely and thoughtfally avoided the danger of making their work less useful and complete while rendering it more acceptable and satisfactory to the favored calcivated few whose fist is presomed to make or mar the fortune of books and who will naturally judge it rather by its more or less thorough treatment of a few great themes than by its careful and pains-taking illustration of ten thousand little ones, none of which makes any figure or commands attention by itself, yet any of which, it omitted, would be vainly sought by many inquirers. and would mar by its absence the completeness of the work. In spite of much carping, not all of it unprompted by "private griefs," the New American Cyclopædia has fairly won its way to a large and increas ing sale, and to the hearty appreciation of the reading

NEMESIS. By Marion Harland. 12mo., pp. 499. Derby The events which are made the basis of this novel although said to be taken from real life, have such an intrinsic improbability, as to give a forced and artificial character to the whole narrative. With the inventive powers of the writer, it would not have been difficult construct a plot from purely imaginative source which should possess no less intensity of passion without presenting such a violent demand upon the credulity of the reader. Such incidents as here occur at precisely the right time and place to forward the approach of the catastrophe, are rarely found in actual human experience, and they consequently fail to touch the sympathies that are called forth by the vivid portrayal of scenes which have their counterpart in the joys and sorrows of daily life. Nor do the leading pe sonages in the story inspire the profound interest that is felt in the simple recital of events which evi dently have their root in the more probable manifesta tions of human passion, as they arise in the usual relations of society. The writer has, perhaps, made the best use of materials which were so ill adapted to an effective work of fiction. Her style for the most part, is simple and unpretending, exhibiting considerable descriptive power, though not so happy in d: a matic scenes, and, with few exceptions, restrained within the bounds of good taste and natural expression. The parrative is singularly free from the extravagance and inflation, which, with so many readers, will always pass as fine writing, and contains numerous passages of genuine pathos. In her attempts at humor the writer is not so successful as to establish her vocation to that line of composition, though she never indulges in the free an I-easy facetionsness with which more than one popular feminine pen has vainly endeavored to supply its place. The prevailing moral tone of the work, its frequent appeals to religious motives and sanctions, and its evident sympathies with the " common lot," in spite of the far-fetched character of the plot, give it the elements of a wide popularity, and with a large class of readers will amply atone for any want of vivacity or dramatic skill in the execution.

AN INTRODUCTION TO NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By

DENISON CLUSTED, LL D. Revised by E. S. SNELL, pp. 456. Ceilins & Brother.

The well-known standard text book by the late eminent professor of natural philosophy in Yale C 1 lege, is here issued in a new and revised edition, under the superinten lence of the professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Yale College. Some time before the decease of Professor Olmsted, the present editor had prepared, at his requiret, a series of corrections and suggestions, intended to be used by the author in a forthcoming new edition of the work. These 279 now embodied in the volume before us, together with such additions as seemed desirable, after a careful revision of the work, in order to adapt it to the present state of scientific progress. The topics of " Acoustics' and "Optics" have been greatly enlarged; a section or 'Electro Magnetism' has been introduced for the first time; in a few instances, a discussion of the subject has been presented in a new form, involving the processes of the differential and integral calculus; and several miscellaneous problems have been given as exercises in the practical application of mechanical principles. Still, by a rigid system of condensation, the reduction of the size of the simpler wood cuts, and the emission of certain irrelevant details, the size of the volume, instead of being increased, has been diminished. In its present form, we cannot doubt that it

which was so largely shared by the previous editions, but acquire now friends, in spite of the able and excellest rivale which so often appear in the branch of study to which it is devoted.

LIFE OF WILLIAM T PORTER By FRANCIS BRINLAY. 12mo. pp. 278. D. Appleton & Co.

The numerous hest of friends with whom the late William T. Porter was the subject of such enthu-iastic attachment, will welcome this memoir from the pen of one, who, from family ties and personal sympathy, was in every way qualified to do justice to his character and career. He has presented an interesting description of the pleasant scenes, in which the early days of Porter were passed, the transition from the pesceful valley of the Connecticut in Vermont to the bustle and excit ments of New-York city, and the successive steps by which he created an American sporting literature, and became himself a high authority in the American sportir g world. Several details are given with regard to the remarkable brothers of Mr. Por er, and some of his pr minent contemporaries in the same walk of life, which cannot fail to attract attention from a large circle of readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Tales of a Traveler. By Geoffror Crayon, Gent. Author's Revised Edition. 12mo. pp. 477. Geo. P. Purnam.

Lectures de ivered tefore the Young Men's Christian Associatin, in Exeter Hall, London, from Nov. 1859, to Feb. 1260. 12mo pp. 464 Robert Carter & Br thers.

The Stones of Venice. By John Rushin. 3 vols. 12mo. John Wilev.

Memoirs of Mrs. Ann East. By her Husband Rev. John East, A. M. 18mo. pp. 270. Robert Carter & Brothers.

Posms of George P. Morris, with a Memoir of the Author. 18mo. pp. 366. Charles Scribere.

Wikina's Wylder; or, The Successful Man. By Stephen F. Miller. 12mo pp. 420. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

LITERARY.

-The "Narrative of the Canadian Exploring Expeditions," the preparation of which is entrusted to Prof H. Youle Hind, who fills the chair of Chemistry and Geology at Trinity College, Toronto, will be an important addition to our knowledge of this continent. It will include a full report of the two expeditions dispstebed by the Canadian Government in 1857 and 1858, at a cost of \$60 000, for the exploration of the southern part of Rupert's Land, or the basin of Lake Winnipeg, including the country within the new crown colony of Red River, as well as the region traversed by the proposed overland route from Canada to British Columbia. Much of this large area has never before been described, or, isdeed, visited by white men, until crossed by these expeditions, the secend of which was under the command of Prof. Hand, and is known as the Assiniboin and Saskatchewau Expedition. Particular attention was paid to the physical geography, geology, and climate of the tertory by the scientific corps; and, as a practical photegrapher was one of the staff, the illustrations of the grand and romantic picturesque scenery, and of the ethnology of the native Indian t ibes, will be very abundant. The work will probably appear this Au temn (forming two volumes, octavo), from the house of Messis, Longman.

-Mr. H. G. Bohn has nearly ready for publication a ew edition of the beautiful work no w grown exceedisgly scarce, known as Jackson's (or Chatto's, for there was a dispute about the authorship) " History of Wood Engraving." The original edition was one of Charles Knight's publications, and has always been in demand from the number and beauty of its illustrations exemplifying the perfection of the art whose progress it describes These will be inc eased in the new edition by more than one hundred, showing the latest improvements in the art. The book will be printed in the best style of Mr. Clay, forming a large volume in imperial octavo.

-" The Development of Christian Architecture in Italy, between the fourth and fifteenth centuries, inclusive," by William Schastian Okeley, of Trigity College, Cambridge, in I vol., royal 8vo., with plates, is the title of a volume nearly ready for publication. Another work announced, interesting to lovers of the fine arts, is "Lectures on the History of the Fine and Ornamental Arts," by Wm. B Scott, Master of the Government School of Design at Newcastle, in 1 vol., vo., illustrated with ergravings on wood. -Prof. Spencer F. Baird of Wsshington, is about to

issue a general systematic work on American Ornithology, that will be greeted with eagerness by the scientific men of Europe and America. Though still a voung man, Prof. Baird, as head of the Department of Na-ural Science, at the Smithsonian Institution, has had opportunit es of investigation afforded by the rich collection of specimens acquired by the Boundary and Pscific Railroad Surveys that have fallen to the lot of few naturalists, and their results entitled, " The Birds of North America, containing descriptions of all known species, chiefly from speci mens in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, by Spencer F. Baird, with the cooperation of John Carsin, and George W. Laurence," in two volumes, quarto, with an atlas of one hundred colored plates. Price \$20. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia. The number of absolutely new species figured for the first time, is one hundred and fifty-

-The circulation of The Cornhill Magazine is careilly watched by its fellows as an exponent that will specesaful, exert a great influence on the whole system of periodical publics ion in England. The number of copies issued has sunk, according to the statement of the publishers the meelves, in their advertisement circulars, from 100 000 to 75,000, which looks rather om ous. While on the contrary, McMillan's Magazin s steadily increasing, and the veteran Blackwood, so far from being injused by the chesper competitors, ha increased its sale this year by more than 500 copies.

-Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson has just anyounced the liscovery of some important synchronisms between the bistories of Egypt and Assyria, recently discovered him, on a set of clay cylinders, received at the Britfuseum from Ninevell, during his absence in Per sis. He fir ds on them the detailed account of an expedition conducted into Egypt by the Assyrian mon ch Assur-boni-pal, the son of Esar Haddon, at the Summencement of his reign, probably about B. C. 660 It was under aken to chas ise the King Tarku-evidently the Tarcos of Manetho, the third and las king of the Ethiopian dynasty, and the Tirakah of the Bible-and was successful in restoring the Asav. rian authority which was confirmed by the establish ment of twenty subordinate rulers or "kings," whose names, and the list of cities over which they presided, are given in the inscriptions.

-The volume of posms by which Miss Catharine Frances Macready, the daughter of the famous tragedian, will make her debut in the literary world, is en titled "Leaves from the Olive Poems." The title is used (according to the short prefatory notice) in allusion to the religious sentiment pervading the poems. It is dedicated to her father. One half is occupied by a poem entitled "The Passion Flower: the others are shorter, on a variety of subjects.

-A new edition of Kugler's "Hand-Book of Painting: The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools," is issued by Mr. Murray, or rather a new work under the old tile, as it is "enlarged, and in great part rewritten, by Dr. Waagen," whose knowledge of the movuments of these schools of art is more extensive than that of any other connoisseur. The work embraces the period from the earliest rise of art to 1810. which is assumed as the limit of "the second development of the Tentonic feeling for art," an account o living painters not coming within the scope of the book

-The Saturday Review has, by the help of Han Christian Andersen, discovered the existence of " collection of ancient Scandinavian ballads, known to every Dane under the general title of 'Kampeviser,' and asks. "Are there no Danish scholars who would confer a benefit on lovers of ancient song by giving a translation to the world?" Curiously enough, the same number contains the announcement of the work inquired for-" Ancient Danish Ballade, translated from the originals, with Notes and Introduction, by R.

C Alexander Prior. M. D.," 3 volumes, 8re. Dr. Prior a name 's new to poetical litera ure. It is to be feared that the appearance of his work will prevent Mr. George Borro w's translation of the came ballata from ever eveing the light. In one of that author's books, he mentions that he had long ago completed his version of the Kampeviser, which was only waiting for

a pu' lister. -Tre religious world, which has been dissatisfied with one or two imperfect biographies of the Rev. John Angell James, will take great interest in the aunour cement of the authorica ive mem ir about to be published by Wessra Nezbit & Co , under the ttle, The Lif- and Letters of John Augell James, including an unfinished autobiography, edited by R. W. Dals. M. A." -One thousand pounds starling has recently been

ffered in London for a complete set of The Times newspaper, for a public library at Melbourns in Australis, but without success. The fact is an instance of the rising importance of the things that, at the moment, seem only of trivial value, scarcely worth preser ing. but which to succeeding generations afford the most authentic sources of kno ledge concerning the "form and pressure" of their time. The Bri ish Museum now collects and preserves everything; and the Bodleian Library, which (after much deliberation, and in the exercise of a judgment no doubt considered sound at the time) was expressly defiarred by its founder from admitting the vain and trivial light literature of the date of its formation, is now glad to purchase the sixpenny and shilling plays and pamphle s of that day at prices from £50 to £150 each.

-Mr. Arthur Clough, an accomplished English scholar, formerly settled in America, and the Editor of Mesers. Litte & Brown's late elegant library edition of "Plutarch's Lives," has published in London a series of these Memoirs, selected to illustrate "Greek History from Themistocles to Alexander." Mr. Clough claims for is favorite author a higher degree of consideration than he has lat ly received among scholars, as, at least, the preserver of the ancient historical traditions, and consequently "truer to antiquity itself" than the more critical results exhibited in works like those of Grote and Thirlwall. The volume is elegantly got up, with illustrations, in the style of Mr. Murray's "Student's Histories," to which it forms an appropriate

-The immense labors of the Duke of Wellington, who certainly was the most voluminous writer of his day, are more apparent on the publication of every new volume of the never-ending series of his Dispatches. The last one issued (the 6th) contains very oteresting details respecting an expedition for the conquest of Mexico and the Spanish Provinces in South America, prepared by the Government, in 1806-8 but opposed at great length, and with much force of argument and knowledge of the subject, by the Duke.

-Daring the past year a small printing-office and a lithographic press have been set up in Godthaab, and the first book ever printed in Greenland has been issued. Its title is Kaladlit Okalluktnaliallit, and it is a collection of native legends in the language of the country. The entire work was fexecuted by natives. The book is illustrated with ten wood-cuts, also the work of natives, who seem to have particular aptness in this kind of labor. A very interesting portion of the book is eight Greenland songs, with the music to which they are sung. The book is to have a second part.

-A new political pamphlet, published in Paris, under the title "Abdel Kader, Emperor of Arabia," occasions sime excitement in Paris, and of course in the diplomatic salons of t'e European capitals. The Abdel Kaderean Empire is to be composed of the regions between the Arabic Gulf, the Mediterrarean, and the Black Sea. At the same time, the Turkish possessions in Europe are to form a Danubian Confederacy, and Constantipople become a free city like Hamburg or Bremen. All this because the "sick man" is beyond care. This last truth, recognized now by all, has been asserted by THE TRIBUNE against all ever since 1854. The plau of a Danubian Confederacy was detailed about eight months ago in THE TRIBUNE, over the signature of Gorowski. Neither the French pamphleteer nor any European diplomat therefore can claim the priority of plan of a Danubian Confederacy.

" A LITERARY QUESTION" ANSWERED. To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune. SIR: Your correspondent, "H. L. H.," simply revives a long-exploded story in reference to the authorship of the belied of "William and Margaret." Monsieur Tonson Taylor (1882) merely copies a statement made in one of the edit Andrew Marvell's works (1776) by the editor, Cast. Edward Thompson, whom Robert Chambers characterizes as "la-mentably deficient in historical difference and literary informa-tion." Thompson appears to have discovered a sort of manu-script commonplace book containing a selection of poems, some he straightway gives him the credit of their authorship. Dr. John he straightway gives him the credit of their authorship. Dr. Johnson son afterward stated that Thompson's charge of plagfarism against Mallett was wholly unfounded, and his opin on has been since adopted by Anderson. Chalmers, Campbell, Hall, and every subsequent editor of either Mallet or Marvell. And sron says "Of this balla, Mallet has been envied the reputation; and at tempts have been made to rob him of his justly sequired fame. Its authoritity is doubted in "The Friends" (1773); and plagfarism has been bodier character, but not reveal hy Capt. Thompson. authenticity is doubted in "The Friends" (1773); and plagfarism has been boldly charged, but not proved, by Capt. Thompson. "

"The internal testimony is totally against him, and amply sufficient to overthrow all his presumptive evidence." The facts were, that "William and Margaret" was suggested by the old balled of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," published in

Percy's collection. Mallet himself arknowledges this. He says, "These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unbappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following po-m." The ballad was first published in Aaron Hill's Plain Dealer, July 24, 1724.
With regard to the noble Addisonian Hymn, whose first line,

"The spacious firmament on high."
s incorrectly quoted both by Taylor and "H. L. H," nobody but the same alippery Captain Thompson ever ventured to cribe it to any other pen than that classic one which wrote

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" Both are unmistakably Addison's. New York, Sept. 3.

ART ITEMS. -Fashion is not half so fickle and capricious a di-

rinity as she is accused of being. Strange as some of her freaks appear, there is philosophy in them, we have no doubt, if we could only discover it. But there is one thing in which fashion conforms strictly to the order of nature, and makes an unerring choice n her lovely instincts. In the color of her vestments she always conforms to the season. When the first frosts of Autumn begin to tirge the foliage of one forests and gardens with gorgeous bues of purple and crimson, and gold and deep-toned browns and grays, the velvets and silks, the merinoes, cashmeres, and brocades, all assume corresponding colors, as though all the stuffs that have been lying in the importers' and jobbers' stores had been suddenly acted upon by the same atmospheric agencies that have produced so brilliant and magical an effect upon the maples, the beeches, the oaks, and pepperidges of our forests. During the past ten days, though the warm weather still continues, the change of color in the dresses which may be seen in Broadway is as marked as the change which may be seen in the vegetable kingdom. Every one who is not so unfortunate as to be afflicted with color blindness, must have been made conscious of the incoming of a new tint, this season, in the world of fashion. A color of peculiar brilliancy must have been noticed in the show-windows of milliners and dry-goods dealers, fluttering from ladies bonnets, spotting their dresses, edging their handker-chiefs, and now and then tied in very narrow strips around the throats of dressy young men. Last year this levely hue raged in England, and was domesti cated in France, and occasional glimpses were had of it in Broadway. But now an eruption of it like a scarlet fever, has broken out on this side of the Atlantic. The French call this new tint mauve, from its resemblance to the marsh mallow, which it does not much resemble, its nearest vegetable relative, in point of color, being a boiled beet; but the true name of it is Perkins's Purple, so called after the English chemist, who first succeeded in extracting it from coal tar. An English periodical, last year, in giving an accourt of the discovery of this beautiful tint, says:

"It had been for years known that benede exposed to a reducing active, and oxidized, became aniline, and that a dirty, fegitive purele appeared in the course of the transmutations of this aniline, and was, indeed, a test of its presence. It took Mr. Perkins three anxious years, however, before repeared oxidizations work of their spells, and Mauve flashed upon his (Parline's) eyes. It is a liquid purple, perfectly transpurent and coul to in alcohol. It is patient and has to be perchased directly or indirectly from the clever inventor. It can be deepened with Prussian blue to any tint, but only at the expense of its valuable property of permanence."

The same authority says that the proper complimen tary color to mauve is a greenish yellow, but festion has decided otherwise, and, we think, with good reason. Black is the color which is worn with mauve, and ladies walk down Broadway with entire confidence in being all right in the eyes of the world, with black and mauve roses in their hats, and one ribbon of purple and another of black fluttering in the air. We have not yet seen Perkins's purple on canvas, but our portrait cainters will have to put it there, for all their levely sitters will come to them with this beautiful color on some part of their dress. As the fortunate Perkins enjoys a patent for his purple, he must already have e. ome a millionaire by the sale of his beautiful dye.

-Rondel has recently finished a landscape of American scenery which will entitle him to a distinguished position among our landscape painters. It represents a quiet New-England scene; the time, twilight; a cluster of elms occupy the center of the composition. and a herd of cattle are gathering about the translecent water of the side fringed pond. It is so much in the manner of Innese, that those who are familiar with the productions of that arrist, will suppose it to be from his pencil. Mr. Rondel is a Frenchman by birth, but his landscapes are full of American feeling. He has resided some six years in Boston, and has but recently removed to New-York, where he occapies a studio in Dodworth's Building. Apropos of Dedworth; we learn that he is building a new hall on the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, near the Worth monument.

-An account has just been published in London, in conformity with a resolution of Parliament, giving a list of all the pictures belonging to the National Gallery, their cost, &c. From this statement it appears that the Gallery possesses a good many more paintings than it has room to exhibit, and we observe that in the civil appropriations passed by Parliament there is an item "for increasing the accommodations for painting and sculpture in the Nati nal Gallery" of \$15,000, beside \$2,000 for the British Historical Portrait Gallery. There have been purchased for the National Gallery, since its foundation in 1825, 273 paintings, which have cost £184 666-the largest price paid for a single picture being £11,500, which was paid for Correggie's painting of Mercury instructing Capid. One of the pictures purchased by Sir Charles Eustlake, at a large price, and supposed to be a portrait of Tasso by Titian, is said to have been n-ither painted by Tilian, nor meant to be a portrait of Tasso. But the most valuable paintings in the National Gullery are these that have been donated to the nation; of these 239 were presented and 240 bequeathed.

-An engraving has recently been published by Brockbaus of L-ipsic of the monument designed by Rietschell, which the Germans intend to erect in honor of Luther. The sale of the engraving is intended to aid in raising funds for the monument. -John Rogers is as familiar a name to Americans as

that of the modern martyr, John Brown, and perhaps more so. A lineal descendant of the Smithfield martyr, and who bears the name of his honored ancester, recently came to this city from his native to an of S dem, in Massachusetts, to practice his special talent in art. He had been a machinist; but, as Fulton abandoned art for machinery, the descendant of the sturdy Purisan abandoned machinery for art, and, with his medsiing stick in hand, came to this maelstrom of human activities to open the world a oyster. And he acted as wisely as Fulton did in obeying his strongest instinct. Mr. Rogers can hardly be called a sculptor, as he has not yet, we believe scalptured snything, but be models with extraordinary skill, facility, and power, putting his conceptions into plastic forms with wonderful ingenuity, and manifesting unmistakable genius, both in his thoughts and his methods. Tares of his small groups were exhibited at the last exhibition of the National Academy, and one of them, the Slave Auction, has been already noticed in the columns of THE TRIBUSE. He has been able to sell but very few of this acmirable group, owing to his not fluding a place to exhibit it in, two of the dealers in fine-art pro ductions having refused to let it be exhibited in their rooms, for fear of giving offense to their Southern patrons. Mr. Rogers is now employed upon a group, which he has nearly completed, of exquisite beauty and tenderness of feeling, which he calls the per." The most timid of tradesmen, who would not have the presumption to say their souls are their own lest they should give offense to their Southern customers, will hardly object to exhibiting this beautiful work in their show rooms. But there may be larking treason in it after all.

-Among the illustrations of Dr. Palmer's forthcoming volume of "Folk Songs," is a picture by Church, which accompanies Tennyson's poem on evening, and one by Eastman Johnson, to illustrate Whittier's Barefoot Boy. This is the first appearance of either of these distinguished artists as contributor to a

HARVARD COLLEGE-THE FOOTBALL BURIED IN THE DELTA—Yesterday was the first Monday of the collegiate year—the day set apart by custom for the football match between the Sophomores and Freshmen, a contest in which the Freshmen have been in the habit of transforming themselves into tenpins and setting themselves up to be knocked down by their big brothers. Our readers know, by experience, vision, or hearsay what was the nature of these contests; he we earnestly they were disputed, and what fun they afearnessly they were disputed, and what fun they af-forded to spectators as well as contestants. After tea last evening, many people flocked to the Delta, ex-pecting to see the contest take place as usual. Gradu-ates were there, full of recollections

ates were there, full of recollections

Of the shins we've cracked,
And the noes we're whacked,
And the eveballs we've blacked;
And all in fun.

But it was evident at once that there was a change in the condition of thugs. The Delta was bare of students, and occupied chiefly by ragged boys. The few students who loitered about outside of the feace did not wear the aspect of abject poverty usual at such times; they were well dressed. Of course they would not expose their holiday suits to the rough seramble of a football game, and an inquiry elicited the fact that the game was interdicted.

It was evident, however, that something was in the wind, and it was not long before the deep notes of a

It was evident, however, that something was in the wind, and it was not long before the deep notes of a sonorous base drum gave music in the air. Soon a motley procession appeared—the disappointed Separamores. At their head marched a drum-major, arrayed in all the requisite pomp and circumssance; then two base drummers; then the elegist, wearing bis Oxford and his gown; next four spade-bearing "digs," followed by six pall-bearers with a good-sized coffin upon their shoulders, and then the Sephomore class with full ranks. They indeed looked poverty stricken. Their hats, extremely narrow of rim, bore the figures "63 upon the front; their apparel was such as they '63 upon the front; their apparel was such as they would not scruple to expose to the dangers of a football match; and each man's left walking beam was en-

ball match; andeach man's left walking beam was sneircled with mournful crape.

The gloomy procession passed on. Under the shade of the elms that form the upper "bounds" it halted; a circle was formed, and the coffin was borne round, to allow the friends of the dear departing to take a bas, fond look; the spade-bearers plied the instruments of their vocation; and then the elegist, by the light of a dim torch, read a farewell address, recounting the virtues of the lost one, and lamenting his u.timely end. The voice of the orator trembled with emotion, and from the circle of studen's came tears, and choking sighs, and heart-rending groams, and painfal sobs and grievous lamentations. The coffin was then consigned to the grave, and at its head was placed a stone, of pine, with the inscription:

FOOTBALL FIGHTUM. Obit July 2, 1880. Et. LX YES. RESURGAT.

When the last spadefull of gravel was thrown upon when the last spateful of grave was the grave, a dirge was sung, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne;" and then cheers were given for the various classes, and for their graduates; the procession formed again, and marched from the field, the drum beating forth a livelier measure. And so the football was buried.

[Boston Daily Advertiser, 4th.